

# AN AMERICAN GIRL ABROAD.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

## CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

Towards evening the weather improved considerably; the wind abating, the clouds banking themselves up into heavy masses overhead; while along the western shores there were silver rifts that seemed slowly and steadily widening. Indeed, the heavy darkness overhead made that white glory in the west all the more vivid and alluring; and when at length, through some sudden parting of the clouds, a flood of sunlight swept across the cornfields and the hedges and the faded meadows, the effect was quite bewildering.

The evening drew on apace, but momentarily it became more beautiful. It really seemed as if we had come out from under those lurid storm clouds into a region of mellow radiance and perpetual calm. The still surface of the canal was a golden pathway before us; overhead such spaces of the sky as were now clear were of a pale blue, just touched here and there with a flake of saffron cloud. Of course, this brilliancy could not last. Slowly the wild fires in the west paled down. As we drew near to Radford Smele there was a wan twilight on the water, and as we stole through the outskirts of Leamington Priory the windows and lamps gleamed on us through the gathering gray dusk.

Late that night Mrs. Threepenny-bit happened to bethink her of putting postage stamps on the letters that had occupied her in the afternoon; and while doing so she pushed one of the envelopes across the little table to Miss Peggy.

"There, Peggy, do you see to whom I have been writing?"

The young lady took up the letter and read the address: "To Colonel Sir Ewen Cameron, V. C., K. C. B., Aldershot Camp, Hampshire."

But with regard to the contents of the letter the astute small person chose to hold her peace.

## CHAPTER VIII.

"Your servant, colonel!" says a tall and slim young lady, as she appears at the door of the saloon and makes a very fair imitation of a military salute.

But if Mrs. Threepenny-bit—or Colonel Anne, as she is supposed to be—has any wish to check the young person's impetuosity, it so happens that she has just had the means placed at her disposal.

"Look here, Peggy," she says, "Mr. Duncombe has been over to the town, and was kind enough to ask for letters. This one is for you; and the postmark is Oxford."

"Oh, thank you," Miss Peggy says to the young man; "I'm sure I never should have thought of asking for letters at Warwick."

"But, Peggy," says Mrs. Threepenny-bit, "the postmark is Oxford; what friends have you in Oxford?"

"It may be a bill," she says, carelessly, as she takes the envelope in her hand and proceeds to open it. "Oh, no, it's from Mr. A'Becket."

She ran her eye over the two or three pages in a negligent fashion.

"Oh, he can't get away at present. Did I tell you he spoke of coming over to Warwick to see how we were getting along? And—and there are some inscriptions in a church in Bath that we are to look at. Then there are kind regards and remembrances to everybody. That's all."

Now Miss Peggy was in the highest of spirits, and as we walked along the pleasant country road toward the town, she appeared to have taken leave of her senses altogether. Perhaps the unaccustomed sunlight had got into her brain; perhaps she was enjoying a fierce delight in her release from the strict surveillance that hemmed her in on board the "Nameless Barge"; at all events, a dafter lass could not that morning have been found within the shores of these three islands.

"I say," she asks, just as if this suddenly confidential appeal were the most natural thing in the world, "what is the matter with Mr. Duncombe?"

"You, most likely."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, he may have been forming exalted ideas of the feminine character. Young men are soft-headed enough to do that sometimes, you know. And then he may have seen a young lady unblushingly open a letter—yes, and read the contents aloud, too—a letter from a middle-aged Oxford don whom she has bamboozled out of his senses. He may have been shocked by such a display of callousness."

"Oh, nothing of the sort. Don't you make any mistake," says Miss Peggy, with decision. "There is something troubling him—something serious. What do you think now about that letter last night?" she continues. "Do you think Queen Tita has asked Col. Cameron to come and sail with us for a bit?"

"More likely she has written to tell him we shall be returning through the southern counties, and asking him if he would care to ride over from Aldershot, when we are at some near point, and lunch with us."

"What is Col. Cameron like?"

"When you see him, you will probably call him a long, red-headed Scotchman."

"Rather blunt and overbearing, is he?"

"Overbearing! He comes of the same stock as the gentle Lochiel."

"And yet the Camerons are a fighting race, aren't they?"

"Oh, yes, they have done a little in that way, now and again, during the past century or two."

"I should like to see him," she says, simply; and then her attention is claimed by the buildings of the town of Warwick, which lies before us.

When we got back to the hotel the equanimity of our small party received an unexpected shock. We had discovered that the Avon is not navigable between Stratford and Tewkesbury; and so we had resolved to get around to the Severn by the Warwick and Birmingham Canal. Meanwhile we could cer-

tainly get by canal as far as Stratford; but as we should have to turn back there it was proposed, in order to avoid going over this part of the route twice, to send on the "Nameless Barge" under care of Captain Columbus, while we should run through to Stratford by rail. What was our astonishment to hear Jack Duncombe calmly say to his hostess:

"I am afraid, if it comes to that, I must ask you to leave me out. I—I am very sorry, but I fear I shall have to go back to town. Of course, it isn't like breaking up the party; you can easily get someone to take my place. I assure you I am sorry enough to go, for the trip so far has been most delightful; and you will soon be getting to even more interesting districts; but I think—yes, I think it will be safer if you count me out."

For a second there was an awkward silence; Mrs. Threepenny-bit seemed afraid to ask him the reason for this sudden resolve.

"I hope it is nothing serious?" she ventured to say, but he only answered:

"Oh, no, I think not," he said, evasively; and then he added: "I should fancy you would find it all plain sailing now until you get to the Severn; and then you'll want a steam tug or something of the kind to take you down to Bristol."

He was talking in quite a matter-of-fact fashion; but he seemed depressed a little. Then, when luncheon was over, he said he would walk along to the telegraph office, and join us subsequently at the castle, whither we were shortly bound. At the same moment Miss Peggy went away to her own room, to fetch her guide books; and the instant she had shut the door behind her Queen Tita was free to express her astonishment and her suspicions.

"Now really do you think that wretch has been at her tricks again?" she demands.

"What wretch? What tricks?"

"Why, what should he be going away for so suddenly if he hadn't quarreled with her?" she says. "Surely he can't be so hard hit that he must needs be mightily offended because she has been amusing herself a little with Mr. A'Becket, and getting a letter or two?"

"You don't imagine he is such a fool? What could it matter to him her getting twenty dozen letters from Mr. A'Becket?"

"Oh, you don't know. She is pretty clever at leading people on, even when she pretends to be most innocent. However, if he wishes to go, I suppose we must let him go. And it would be such a chance to get Col. Cameron to come along."

When we got back to our hotel after having rummaged through one or two bric-a-brac shops, that are well known to lovers of useless furniture and cracked plates, we found a telegram lying on the table addressed to our young playmate. He took it up and opened the envelope.

"Yes," he said, "it is as I feared. I must go back to town to-morrow."

That same night was the last that our little party, as hitherto constituted, was to assemble together; and at the modest banquet that was meant to console us for our lack of dinner the two women folk were unmistakably inclined to be complaisant to the young man. His hostess was very kind to him, and not only renewed her expressions of regret at his going, but once more urged his return when that might be practicable for him.

"Oh, I shall be glad enough to get back if I can," said he, which he hardly would have said had he been going away in resentment of Miss Peggy's conduct; and now he was affecting to be more cheerful, though he was not in a very gay mood, we could see.

"At all events, Mr. Duncombe," Peggy says to him, "we shall hope to find you with us again soon and to have the benefit of your advice. I am sure we can't say how indebted we are to you for your help in getting us along as far as we have got."

Soon thereafter—for it had been a long and busy day—there was a general departure for our respective quarters; and the Warwick Arms subsided into the general silence that lay over the sleeping town.

## CHAPTER IX.

There was a welcome bustle of preparation, for the boat had been successfully brought along to Stratford and had now to be provisioned for the resumption of our voyage; likewise we had to write our last letters before bidding good-by to civilization and once more disappearing into the unknown. In the midst of all this Miss Peggy appears, just a little breathless.

"Say, now, what is your friend like?" she asks, with some eagerness.

"What friend?" says Queen Tita.

"Why, Col. Cameron, of course. Is he very tall, and thin, and sandy-haired; with a small mustache, that has a streak of gray in it; and blue-gray eyes that look at you—well, as if they had seen you before?"

"Yes, that is rather like him. But what do you mean, Peggy? He isn't come already, is he?"

"Well, it can't be he, either," she continues. "He wouldn't think of going boating in a costume like that—a frock-coat, and a tall hat, yellow gloves, patent leather boots. Well, if it is your friend, he looks as if he had just stepped out of Pall Mall."

"But where did you see him?"

"Whoever he is, he is down below, in the hall."

"In this hotel?"

"Yes; and—and he looked at me as I passed him as if he thought I might belong to your party."

"Of course it is Col. Cameron!" Mrs. Threepenny-bit exclaims at once. "Go away down and ask him to come up, Peggy."

"Me?" says the girl, in some alarm. "Oh, I couldn't. I don't know him. There might be a mistake."

"Well, I suppose I must go myself," she says, putting back her chair; and therewith she leaves the room and proceeds downstairs to receive her new visitor.

some disappointment, "if that is Col. Cameron, he isn't like a soldier at all. He is just like one of those icicle creatures you see walking in St. James' street, stiff and starched and polished to the very finger tips and the toes, and looking at you with a cold, blank stare of indifference."

"Do you know this, Miss Peggy, that if you only got a glimpse of him as you came by, you managed to bring away a pretty faithful portrait."

There were voices without; the next moment Queen Tita appeared, followed by a tall, thin, sun-tanned person who carried his hat in one hand and his umbrella in the other. When he was introduced to Miss Peggy, his eyes rested on her for a second with a kindly look, as if there had already been some slight acquaintance between them; no doubt he had guessed that she was of our party when she had passed him below. Then he sat down and proceeded to explain that he had received our manager's telegram in London only the night before, and had come straight away down the first thing in the morning to see what was wanted of him.

"You know, Sir Ewen," said Mrs. Threepenny-bit, with much cheerfulness, "I cannot let you come with us unless you quite understand all the provisions you will have to put up with. Don't you think you ought to go and see the boat; then you would know a little better what to expect."

"But I heard all about your project before you when I came back," said he of gentle persuasiveness, "and I envied you. I never thought I was to be so fortunate as to be asked to join you; and now that I am here, I think your difficulty will be to get rid of me. If you don't mind, I think I will go out and see if I can pick up a few boating things. I suppose in a riverside place one may find what one wants. And which did you say was the next town you would come to?"

"Worcester."

"Then I will telegraph to Aldershot when I am out. I suppose I shall find you here when I come back."

The moment he had gone Mrs. Threepenny-bit turned to her young friend.

"Well?" she said, with a kind of pride.

But Miss Peggy answered nothing.

"Well?" she said again. "What do you think of him, Peggy?"

"Of course I don't know yet," said the young lady, evasively. "I thought he would look more like a soldier; he is like—like anybody else."

"Did you expect to find him wearing his Victoria Cross? Of course he came away just as he was. It is a soldier's pride to be able to start at a moment's notice."

It was near midday when we were ready to start; but when we did get away our departure was most auspicious. There was a kind of general elation in setting forth; and then everything looked cheerful in the welcome sunlight; and there were warm, sweet airs blowing about; all promised well. Our colonel had greatly pleased his hostess with his praises of the arrangements on board; he was delighted with everything, and especially surprised that he could stand upright in the saloon. Then Captain Columbus had been duly complimented on his success in bringing the boat through; and Murdoch, who was at first rather overcome with awe on hearing the name of our new guest, had been driven out of his senses with pride and gratification when Inverfask was considered enough to address a few words to him in his native tongue; and finally, at the very last moment, a messenger had come running down to the canal side with a parcel, for which Miss Peggy had been anxiously inquiring ever since she came to Stratford.

"And what is that, Peggy?" asks her hostess, looking at the long thing that has just been handed into the boat.

"Guess."

"Some magical kind of sunshine, is it?"

"No; it's a fishing-rod—an American one; I sent for it a long time ago, and have been wondering whether it was ever going to arrive. They say our American rods are very good; I hope this one will turn out all right."

And since when have you taken to fishing, Peggy?" she asks.

"Oh, it isn't for myself; it's for him," the young lady answers, indicating a not uninterested bystander.

"Oh, it's for him, is it? Well, he can't wear that at his watch chain!" says Mrs. Spitzire; and therewith she withdraws into the saloon, to beg Col. Cameron not to bother any more with those Ordnance Survey maps.

(To be continued.)

## First of Minnesota's Books.

The interesting fact is brought to the attention of the Pioneer Press by Rev. S. W. Dickinson, agent for the American Bible society, that the first book ever printed in Minnesota was a bible, and that this was printed in 1836, some thirteen years before the issue of a newspaper in St. Paul. The bible referred to was in the Ojibway language and was printed on the mission press at Lake Pokegama, Pine county, under the supervision of Rev. Mr. Ayers, who likewise had charge of the mission farm at that point. There also was made the first attempt to establish a free school in Minnesota. The foundation of the old log church building in which this was held can still be traced.

It is significant of the eagerness characterizing American Christianity that the educational, social and commercial development of which Minnesota is now so proud had its beginning in the effort to put the bible in the hands of the red men. The society represented by Mr. Dickinson—which is undoubtedly the greatest organization in the world for the distribution of the scriptures—has filled its eighty-seven years of history with many such incidents as this of the sitting up of a bible press in the wilds of Minnesota. It now proposes large undertakings in the new areas of the American republic, in which it will doubtless have the cordial support of all who believe in the beneficial influence of the good book.—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

A letter addressed to "The Ornriest Man in the United States," after a long journey through the mails, was very appropriately sent back to the writer in Denver.

In Great Britain there are 7,340,000 houses of all kinds. As the population is about 40,000,000, this gives five persons and, say, a baby, to each house.

## LYNN'S CAPITAL.

### BRITISH TROOPS TAKE ELOEM-FONTEIN.

Lord Roberts Cables the London War Office that General French Has Reached and Occupied the Head City of the Orange Free State.

The London war office has received a dispatch from Lord Roberts announcing that Gen. French has reached Bloemfontein and occupied two hills close to the railway station.

Bloemfontein is not a naturally strong position and was made the Orange Free State capital without regard to military importance or defense. It stands on a high plateau, exposed on all sides and without the shadow of a natural barrier to the west, whence the British were expected to advance.

All around the town the country is sterile and unfitted for agriculture. The soil is covered with bowdiers, tuft grass and low brush, which alone relieve the otherwise dead monotony of the plain. The houses of the city are low and white and obscured by the trees, which have grown within the town from sprouted sprouts. Bloemfontein's principal building is the capital, which supports a lofty tower. This, together with a few spired churches and a few school buildings, is the only structure that is prominent from a distance. Normally, the population of the capital is only 4,000, a rather small number when the large area the town covers is taken into consideration.

The only permanent fortifications of Bloemfontein are those on the east. The town is protected on that side by a long ridge, which rises 300 feet above the level of the plain. From this ridge mounts a kopje, or hill, upon which the Free Staters erected a fort several years ago, when they were in constant fear of danger from British aggression. This fort would not have been of much service without long range guns, and even these could not have turned the enemy from shelling the town on the west.

Early in the execution of Lord Roberts' change of plan, whereby the British army was concentrated in the west, the Boers decided to remove their government to Winburg. Meanwhile they had constructed several lines of works outside of Bloemfontein to the west. The nature of these works was similar to those the Boers used in the long investment of Kimberley.

### A VISIT TO PARIS COSTLY.

High Rates Charged to Travelers in the French Metropolis.

A Chicago newspaper man now in Paris writes home regarding the expense of a visit to that city. He says: "The hotels have all raised their rates from 40 to 80 per cent. The board amounts to about \$6 a day, and all meals skimpysame thing every day. You are also obliged to fee from six to ten people continually. Next to the hotels are freebooters come the stores, especially clothing stores, that have put up their prices quite 40 per cent. Hats and shoes are 50 per cent dearer than in 1880; neckties that range from 25 cents to 50 cents in New York, San Francisco and Los Angeles, range from three francs (60 cents) to seven francs (\$1.40) here—and this in the country of silk manufactures! Cotton, linen and woolen goods have nearly all advanced from 20 to 60 per cent over what they were in 1880. Canes and umbrellas and such from 20 to 40 per cent. Shirts, handkerchiefs and gloves seem not to have advanced so much.

"Druggists' goods have gone diabolically out of all sight of all grades of polite robbery. A prescription that would cost 25 cents in San Francisco is \$1 here. An ounce of castor oil is 60 cents, a pint of witch hazel is 90 cents and an ounce of borax 40 cents. The only thing cheap in Paris to-day is the cab, which is still only 30 cents from any one point to another in the city, for from one to three persons, or 40 cents per hour for same. Scores of Americans who had come here to stay for several months are going back. It would seem as if the expedition were a good place to stay away from."

## Side Lights on the Boer War.

It is said that in 1804 the Boers gave their first order for big guns and that at the time they expended nearly half a million dollars with Krupp of Germany, and about the same amount with an Austrian firm for smaller arms. The Krupp guns were delivered in 1805, and included two of what was then the largest pattern for a gun in the world. These guns are forty-eight feet in length, weigh 120 tons, throw a shell weighing 2,300 pounds and require 904 pounds of powder for each discharge. One of these guns has been dragged to a hill overlooking Ladysmith. The other is on the fortifications defending Pretoria. In 1805 another order for field guns of long range was placed with Krupp. It was in 1800 that the Cresson guns, those that have done the most effective fighting, were purchased. Several large orders for guns were placed at later dates.

The important part played by carrier pigeons in the South African war is not generally known. At the outbreak of hostilities one of the first to place his pigeons at the disposal of the British Government was E. Lee of Pietermaritzburg. These birds were carried through to Ladysmith on an armored train the day before communication was shut off. They brought the first news from Ladysmith to the British Government. The Boers realizing the advantage gained by the enemy from the use of pigeons soon established a loft for training the birds in Johannesburg.

Buller and his staff are actually living the life of a private. There has not been even a tent to cover the commanding generals. They eat from their knees, with their shoulders against rocks. They sleep where they can, and their field work is carried on under a transport wagon.

Consulting surgeons who have gone to South Africa are paid at the rate of \$25,000 a year, with free passage to the seat of war and return, and London papers are complaining that the sum is exorbitant.

## FACTS ABOUT THE CENSUS.

It is important to the agricultural interests of the United States that an accurate census of farm products should be taken. W. H. Lloyd in the National Rural presents some valuable hints that will aid in the work of the next enumeration if heeded by the farmers of the country.

A "farm" is all the land cultivated or held for agricultural purposes under one management, whether in a single body or separate parcels.

Tax assessors, collectors and equalizers cannot serve as enumerators, or have access to the census returns, or to the information therein contained.

There are more than 5,000,000 farms, plantations, ranches, stock ranges and market gardens in the United States, all of which, for census purposes, will be designated as "farms."

The first really valuable census of agriculture in the United States was taken in 1850, of the crops of 1849. The next enumeration of agriculture will be taken in June, 1900, of the products of 1899.

If every farmer will begin at once to prepare a careful record of all the facts which the enumerator will be instructed to record in June, 1900, he will save time for himself and the officer, and insure more accurate returns to the Government.

Instead of recording several farms on one schedule in the twelfth census, as heretofore, each farm will be accorded a separate blank, the entries on which will not be known to any sworn officers of the department. No names will be published in connection with information secured from the people.

The enumerator will ask for the size and value of each farm, the value of buildings, and the aggregate value of all machinery, implements, vehicles, harness, etc., used thereon; and the amount of land owned and leased, respectively, by said occupant. He will also ask for the acreage and value of each crop, and the acreage of improved, unimproved and irrigated lands.

The designation "each crop" includes all grains, cotton, corn, rice, sugar cane, sugar beets, sorghum, hay, clover, wild grasses, gathered forage, flax, hemp, hops, peanuts, tobacco, seeds, nuts, tropical fruits, small fruits, orchard fruits, nursery and greenhouse stock, broom corn, Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes and yams, all vegetables, including the product of all family, truck and market gardens, etc.; also new or unusual crops, when found.

If a person who moves from a farm between the end of the crop year 1899 and June 1, 1900, will leave a written record of the products and crops of that farm for 1899 where it will reach the appropriate enumerator, the statistics of his operations for that year will not be lost. He will be required to give the enumerator of the district in which he lives on June 1, 1900, the acreage, value, buildings, machinery, implements and live stock of the farm he then occupies.

The enumerator will ask for the number and value of the live stock on the farm June 1, 1900, which will be reported under a number of heads, such as horses, colts, mules, asses, cows, heifers, steers, calves, bulls, ewes, rams, lambs, swine, goats, chickens (including guinea fowl), turkeys, geese, ducks, bees, etc. He will also ask for the quantity and value of milk, cream, butter, cheese, raisins, prunes, molasses, sirup, sugar, eggs, beeswax, honey, wool, wine, cider, vinegar, dried and evaporated fruits, forest products, and generally, all articles made at home, or for the home, from farm materials in 1899.

### DIED IN A FIRE TRAP.

Fifteen Victims of Tenement House Horror at Newark.

Fifteen persons, a majority of whom were children, were burned to death at a tenement house at Newark, N. J., Monday morning. Thirteen bodies were recovered from the ruins within three hours after the flames had been extinguished. The building was a three-story frame structure, formerly used as a church, but transformed into a tenement house with small rooms, scarcely 8 by 10 feet in dimensions, opening into narrow hallways on both the second and third floors, forming a veritable fire trap. This location is in the heart of the Italian district. There were at least twelve families in the place, sixty persons in all, of whom perhaps fifty were children, unable to care for themselves.

The flames spread with frightful rapidity and the place was like a roaring caldron when the firemen reached the scene. One after another the women, and then the men, were taken down, while other firemen devoted their attention to drowning out the flames. This they succeeded in doing in less than an hour, but during that hour a frightful sacrifice had been offered. Nearly every room in the house contained its victim. Few were really burned to death. Most of them were smothered to death.

### Sparks from the Wires.

Mrs. Benj. Morgenstern, 108, New York, is dead.

Wm. Burts, colored, was lynched at Basket Mills, S. C.

Bartholomew cracked a safe in Davidson, N. C., and secured \$500.

Five men were killed and forty wounded in strikers' riot at Rio de Janeiro.

Dr. H. N. Selfridge, Oakland, Cal., has cured himself of cancer by X-rays treatment.

Cleveland, Ohio, bloods were caught for \$100,000 in the Security Savings Society building at Chicago.

Believed that Charles Betsch and two other prospectors have been frozen to death in Alaska.

The consumption of cotton per head has more than doubled in Germany since 1875.

French officers are said to prove that 211 French strikers threw up their commissions to join the Boers.

Four thousand continental emigrants per month are rushing to England to take vacant situations at higher wages.

Mayor Harrison of Chicago said the city would use the water power of the drainage canal for municipal purposes.

Extensive copper mines in the Mazapil district, Mexico, have been purchased by the Rothschilds. Consideration \$300,000.

## Timely Reminder.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Jones to his neighbor, who was an aged millionaire. "Here you are, a man of wealth and position, and yet you put out your ash barrel every morning with your own hands to save a few miserable pennies!"

"I guess you're right, neighbor," replied the miserly old fellow, "now that you have spoken of it, I can see that it is hardly the thing for a man in my position to do. Hereafter I'll have my wife do it."

## Spring Humors of the Blood

Come to a certain percentage of all the people. Probably 75 per cent. of these people are cured every year by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and we hope by this advertisement to get the other 25 per cent. to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has made more people well, effected more wonderful cures than any other medicine in the world. Its strength as a blood purifier is demonstrated by its marvelous cures of

Scrofula Salt Rheum  
Boils, Pimples  
Scald Head  
All Kinds of Humors  
Blood Poisoning  
Catarrh  
Psooriasis  
Rheumatism  
Malaria, Etc.

All of which are prevalent at this season.

You need Hood's Sarsaparilla now. It will do you wonderful good.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Blood Medicine.

### Let the Man Reform Before Marriage

"A girl should never marry a man that she may reform him," writes Margaret Sangster, in the Ladies' Home Journal. "If he is in need of reformation let him prove himself worthy by turning from evil and setting his face steadfastly and perseveringly to good before he asks a girl to surrender herself and her life to him. Nor should a girl be too impatient with father, mother and friends if they counsel delay in deciding a matter which is to influence her whole career and her lovers, when they, with clearer eyes than her own, perceive in him an unsuitability to her."

### The Less Supplied.

Bertha—The papers used to say she had countless dollars. They never say it now, though.

Hilda—No; she's married a count now.

Drying preparations simply develop dry catarrh; they dry up the secretions which adhere to the membrane and decompose, causing a far more serious trouble than the ordinary form of catarrh. Avoid all drying balms, fumos, smokes and snuffs and use that which cleanses, soothes and heals. Ely's Cream Balm is such a remedy and will cure catarrh or cold in the head easily and pleasantly. A trial size will be mailed for 10 cents. All druggists sell the 50c size. Ely Brothers, 500 Warren St., N. Y.

The Balm cures without pain, does not irritate or cause sneezing. It spreads itself over an irritated and angry surface, relieving immediately the painful inflammation.

With Ely's Cream Balm you are armed against Nasal Catarrh and Hay Fever.

Two Sides to the Question.  
Mrs. Hastings—Mr. Worth, I think it is about time I should know your attentions concerning my daughter.

Mr. Worth—I've a diamond ring for her if yours are all right.—Jewelers' Weekly.

## MY BEAUTIFUL BABY BOY